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THE
SEASONS.

BY
JAMES THOMSON.

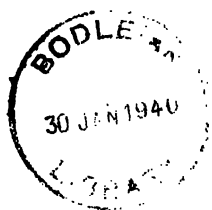
These, as they change, Almighty Father! these
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring,
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and love.—
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent.—
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.—
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown! tempest o'er tempest roll'd, &c.
HYMN.

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1817.



THE LIFE OF

JAMES THOMSON.

JAMES THOMSON was born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, on the 11th of September, in the year 1700. His father was minister of that place : a man little known beyond the narrow circle of his copresbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood ; but highly respected by them for his piety and diligence in the pastoral duty. His mother, whose maiden name was Hume, was co-heiress of a small estate in that country : a person of uncommon natural endowments ; possessed of every social and domestic virtue ; with an imagination for vivacity and warmth, scarce inferior to her son's.

Our author received the rudiments of his education at a school in Jedburgh ; and, in the early part of his life, so far from appearing to possess a sprightly genius, was considered by his schoolmaster, as being without even a common share of parts.

But his merit did not lie long concealed. The Rev. Mr. Riccarton, minister of Hobkirk, very soon discovered, through the rudeness of young Thomson's puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook, therefore, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with proper books, and corrected his performances.

Sir William Bennett, likewise, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was much delighted with Mr. Thomson, and used to invite him to his country-seat to pass the summer-vacation : a scene of life which our author always remembered with particular pleasure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir

William and Mr. Riccarton, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every new-year's day : committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due-order ; and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humorously recited the grounds of their condemnation.

After spending the usual time at school, in the acquisition of the dead languages, Mr. Thomson was removed to the university of Edinburgh. But in the second year after his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his father ; who was carried off so suddenly, that it was not possible for Mr. Thomson, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree ; and his relations still remember some extraordinary instances of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

After having gone through the several classes of philosophy, Mr. Thomson was entered in the divinity-hall as one of the candidates for the ministry ; where the students before they are admitted to probationary trials, must give six years attendance. The divinity chair was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr. Hamilton ; a gentleman universally respected and beloved. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him, for the subject of an exercise, a psalm, in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required ; but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Mr. Hamilton, as his custom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed out to the students the most striking parts of it ; but at last, turning to Mr. Thomson, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful to the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in a language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr. Thomson to understand, that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious ; even though the church had been more his free choice than probably it was ; but perhaps he might still

have pursued the clerical profession, had not the following accident opened more extensive views.

About this time Mr. Thomson had wrote a paraphrase on the 104th psalm, which, after it had received the approbation of Mr. Riccarton, he permitted his friends to copy. By some means or other this paraphrase fell into the hands of Mr. Auditor Benson, who expressing his admiration of it, said he doubted not that if the author was in London, but he would meet with encouragement equal to his merit. This observation of Benson's was communicated to Thomson by a letter, probably from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's, then in London; and, no doubt, had its natural influence in inflaming his heart, and hastening his journey to the metropolis.

Our author went first to Newcastle by land, where he took shipping, and landed at Billingsgate. When he arrived, it was his immediate care to wait on Mr. Mallet, who then lived in Hanover-square, in the character of private tutor to his Grace the Duke of Montrose, and his brother, Lord George Graham, so well known afterward as an able and gallant sea-officer. With this gentleman, though much his junior, our author had contracted an early intimacy when at school; which improved with their years; nor was it ever disturbed by any casual mistake, envy, or jealousy, on either side.

Mr. Thomson, upon his coming to London, was likewise very kindly received by Mr. Forbes, afterwards Lord President of the Sessions, then attending the service of Parliament; who recommended him to several of his friends, particularly to Mr. Aikman, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting was become a professed painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our author.

In the meantime, our author's reception wherever he was introduced, emboldened him to risk the publication of his *Winter*: in which, as himself was a novice in such

matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr. Mallet. This poem, the first finished of all the Seasons, and the first performance he published, was originally wrote in detached pieces, or occasional descriptions. It was by the advice of Mr. Mallet they were made into one connected piece; and it was by the farther advice, and at the earnest request of this gentleman, he wrote the other three Seasons.

The approbation the poem of Winter might meet with from some of our author's friends, was not, however, a sufficient recommendation to introduce it to the world. He had the mortification of offering it to several booksellers without success. These were severe repulses; but at last the difficulty was surmounted. Mr. Mallet offered it to Mr. Millar, afterwards bookseller in the Strand, who, without making any scruples, readily printed it. For some time Mr. Millar had reason to believe that he should be a loser by his frankness; for the impression lay like waste paper on his hands, few copies being sold, till by an accident its merit was discovered. One Mr. Whately, a man of some taste in letters, but perfectly enthusiastic in the admiration of any thing which pleased him, happened to cast his eyes upon it; and finding something which delighted him, perused the whole, not without growing astonishment that the poem should be unknown, and the author obscure. In the ecstasy of his admiration, he went from coffee-house to coffee-house, pointing out its beauties, and calling upon all men of taste to exert themselves in rescuing from obscurity one of the greatest geniuses that ever appeared. This had a very happy effect, for, in a short time, the impression was bought up.

The poem of Winter is, perhaps, the most finished as well as most picturesque, of any of the four Seasons: the scenes are grand and lively: it is in that season that the creation appears in distress, and nature assumes a melancholy air; and an imagination so poetical as Mr. Thomson's, was admirably fitted to paint those vapours, and storms, and clouds, the very description of which fill the soul with solemn dread.

From this time Mr. Thomson's acquaintance was court-

ed by all men of taste ; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses ; among whom were the Countess of Hartford, Miss Drelincourt, afterwards Viscountess Primrose, Mrs. Stanley, and others. But the chief happiness which his Winter procured him, was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr. Rundle, afterwards Lord Bishop of Derry ; who, upon conversing with our author, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship ; promoted his character every where ; introduced him to his great friend Lord Chancellor Talbot ; and some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make the tour of Europe, recommended Mr. Thomson as a proper companion for him.

The poem of Winter meeting with such universal applause, Mr. Thomson was induced to write the other three Seasons, which he finished with equal success. Summer made its first appearance in the year 1727 ; Spring, in the beginning of the following year ; and Autumn, in a quarto edition of his works, printed in 1730. In that edition, the Seasons are placed in their natural order ; and crowned with that inimitable Hymn, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as one whole, the immediate effect of infinite Power and Goodness.

In the year 1727, Mr. Thomson published his poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased ; containing a deserved encomium of that incomparable man, with an account of his chief discoveries.

At this time the resentment of our merchants against the Spaniards, for interrupting their trade in America, running very high, our author zealously took part in it ; and wrote his *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge. Although this poem be the less read, that its subject was but accidental and temporary, the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it can never be out of season ; they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that devotion to the public, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure or more intense than himself. •

Our author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the Hon. Mr. Charles Talbot on his travels. With this accomplished young nobleman, Mr. Thomson visited most of the courts and capital cities of Europe; and having staid abroad about three years, returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, their connections, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of Liberty, begun soon after his return to England. We see at the same time, to what a high pitch the love of his country was raised, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy, well-poised government, with those of other nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments, and to shew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved; and how it may be abused or lost; he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work; upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

While Mr. Thomson was writing the first part of this poem, he received a most severe shock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, in the year 1784, which was soon followed by another that was severer still, and of more general concern, the death of Lord Talbot himself; which Mr. Thomson so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory.

By this event Mr. Thomson found himself, from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependance, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of Lord Lyttleton.

Immediately upon his return to England with Mr. Chas. Talbot, the Chancellor, in recompence of the care he had *taken in forming the mind* of his son, had made him his *Secretary of Briefs*; a place requiring little attendance, *uiting his retired indolent way of life*, and equal to all

his wants. This place fell with his patron ; and although the noble Lord who succeeded Lord Talbot in office, kept it vacant for some time, always expecting that Mr. Thomson would apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair.

Yet could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed with time his usual cheerfulness ; nor did he abate one article in his way of living, which, though simple, was genial and elegant. Mr. Millar was always at hand to answer, or even to prevent his demands, and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired ; who would of themselves interpose, if they saw any occasion for it.

But his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of His Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales, who upon the recommendation of Lord Lyttleton, then his chief favorite, settled on him a handsome allowance. A circumstance which does equal honour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted ; that my Lord Lyttleton's recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr. Thomson was personally known to him.

Among the latest of Mr. Thomson's productions, is the *Castle of Indolence*. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of raillery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence, while he thought them at least as indolent as himself. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fit to convey one of the most important lessons. It is written in imitation of Spencer's style ; and the obsolete words, with the simplicity of diction in some of the lines, sometimes bordering on the ludicrous, were thought necessary to make the imitation more perfect.

We shall now consider Mr. Thomson as a dramatic writer.

In the year 1729, about five years after he had been in London, he brought upon the stage his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, built upon the Carthaginian history of that princess, upon which the famous Nathaniel Lee has likewise written a tragedy. This play met with a very favourable reception from the public.

As Mr. Thomson could not but feel all the emotions and solitudes of a young author the first night of his play, he wanted to place himself in some obscure part of the house, where he might see the representation to the best advantage, without being known as the poet. He accordingly seated himself in the upper gallery. But such was the power of nature in him, that he could not help repeating the parts along with the players; and would sometimes whisper to himself, "Now such a scene is to open;" by which he was soon discovered to be the author by some gentlemen, who could not, on account of the great crowd, be situated in any other part of the house.

After an interval of about nine years, Mr. Thomson exhibited to the public his second tragedy, called *Agamemnon*. Mr. Pope acted a very friendly part to Mr. Thomson on this occasion: he not only wrote two letters in its favour to the managers, but honoured the representation the first night with his presence; which, as he had not been for some time at a play, was considered as a very great instance of esteem. The profits arising from this play were very considerable; and afforded him a very seasonable supply after he had lost his office by the death of Lord Talbot, and was still out of place.

In the year 1739, Mr. Thomson offered to the stage his tragedy of *Edward and Eleonora*; but, for political reasons, it was forbid to be acted. The favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, was, in this one instance, of some prejudice to our author. For though this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; yet the ministry, still sore from certain pasquinades, which *had lately produced* the stage act; and as little satisfied with that Prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs, would not risk the repr

sentation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

At the request of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Mr. Thomson, in conjunction with Mr. Mallett, wrote the *Masque of Alfred*, for the entertainment of his Royal Highness's court at his summer residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr. Mallett, in the year 1751.

Mr. Thomson's next dramatic performance was his *Tancred and Sigismunda*, acted with applause in the year 1745. The plot is borrowed from a story in the celebrated romance of *Gil Blas*: the fable is very interesting; the characters are few, but active; and the attention is never suffered to wander. This succeeded beyond any other of Mr. Thomson's plays; and, from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, still continues to draw crowded houses.

This was the last play Mr. Thomson published, his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best of men, and best poets that ever lived in it.

One summer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to Hammersmith, he had overheated himself, and, in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to Kew; apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper end of Kew-lane, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This, however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of danger; but the fine weather having tempted him once more to expose himself to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his *relapse was known* in town; at last Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Reid, with Dr. Armstrong, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance; but, alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature.

the last agonies of their beloved friend.—This lamented death happened on the 27th of August, 1748.

His testamentary executors were, the Lord Lyttleton, whose care of our poet's fortune and fame ceased not with his life; and Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage to the best advantage. The profits arising from this play, and from the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, more than satisfied all demands; so that a very handsome sum was remitted to his sisters in Scotland. My Lord Lyttleton's prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that ever had been written: the best spoken it certainly was. Mr. Quin was the particular friend of Mr. Thomson; and when he spoke the following lines, which are in themselves very tender, all the endearments of a long acquaintance rose at once to his imagination, while the tears gushed from his eyes.

"He loved his friends (forgive this gushing tear,
 "Alas, I feel I am no actor here :)
 "He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
 "So clear of interest, so devoid of art :
 "Such generous freedom, such unshak'd zeal ;
 "No words can speak it, but our tears may tell."

The beautiful break in these lines had a fine effect in speaking. Mr. Quin here excelled himself; nor did he ever appear so great an actor as at this instant, when he declared himself none.

Mr. Thomson's remains were deposited in the church of Richmond, under a plain stone without any inscription. It was not till the year 1762, that the noble design was proposed to erect for him a funeral monument in Westminster Abbey. In order to defray the necessary expence of this undertaking, Mr. A. Millar published by subscription a splendid edition of our author's works, in 4to. the entire profits of which he cheerfully dedicated to this purpose: and it was further proposed, that any remaining sum, after paying all expences, should be remitted to his relations.

SPRING.



ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of Hertford. The season is described as it affects the various parts of nature, ascending from the lower to the higher ; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate matter. On vegetables. On brute animals. And last, on man. Concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

SPRING.

COME, gentle SPRING ! ethereal Mildness ! come ;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HERTFORD ! fitted or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints ; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

And see where surly WINTER passes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts ;
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze ;

Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets 20
 Deform the day delightless : so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph't
 To shake the sounding marsh ; or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
 Fleecy and white, o'er all surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfin'd,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough
 Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost ;
 There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
 They lend their shoulder and begin their toil,
 Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
 Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

While thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
 With measur'd step ; and liberal throws the grain 45
Into the faithful bosom of the ground :
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, HEAVEN ! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes ! blow ;
Ye softening dews ! ye tender showers ! descend ; 50
And temper all, thou world reviving sun !
Into the perfect year. Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear ;
Such themes as these the rural MARO sung 55
To wide-imperial ROME, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by GREECE refin'd.

In ancient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind :
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes 60
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war ; then, with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd. 65

Ye generous BRITONS, venerate the plough ;
And o'er your bills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded : as the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain, 70
Your empire owns ; and from a thousand shores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour

O'er every land ; the naked nations clothe ; 75
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world.

Nor only through the lenient air this change,
 Delicious, breathes ; the penetrative sun,
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming Power 80
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
 In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay Green !
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !
 United light and shade ! where the sight dwells
 With growing strength, and ever new delight. 85

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs ;
 And swells and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;
 Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd
 In all the colours of the flushing year, 95
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town 100
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,

Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes ; and dash the trembling drops
 From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ; 105
 Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains ;
 And see the country, far diffus'd around,
 One boundless blush ; one-white empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye 110
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies :

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
 The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe 115
 Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast
 The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks,
 Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy North,
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp 120
 Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,
 Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
 Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft
 The sacred sons of vengeance ; on whose course
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year. 125
 To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
 And blazing straw before his orchard burns ;
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls :

Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust 130
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe :
 Or, when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest ;
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares. 135

Be patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repress'd
 Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
 That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
 In endless train would quench the summer-blaze, 140
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

The North-east spends his rage ; he now shut up
 Within his iron cave, th' effusive South
 Warms the wide air ; and o'er the void of heaven
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distant. 145
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether ; but by swift degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails,
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom : 150
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
 Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath 155
 Is heard to quiver through the closing wood,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves

Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In grassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all, 160
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploing eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off; 165
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
 And forests, seem impatient to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise, 170
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
 In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world. 175
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander through the forest walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 180
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full distended clouds 185
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enriched with vegetable life ;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
 Of broken clouds gay-shifting to his beam. 190

The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoking o'er th' interminable plain,
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems. 195

Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around ;
 Full swell the woods ; their every music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
 And hollow lows responsive from the vales, 200
 Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.
 Meantime refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense ; and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion, running from the red, 205
 To where the violet fades into the sky.

Here, awful NEWTON ! the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism ;
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light by thee disclos'd 210
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy ;
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,

Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory ; but amaz'd
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly, 215
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds ;
 A softened shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning-beam ; to give to light,
 Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
 The balmy treasures of the former day. 220

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes :
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale,
 In silent search ; or through the forest, rank 225
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds, 230
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores
 Of health, and life, and joy ? the food of Man 235
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years ; unflesh'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease ;
 The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world. 240

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race
Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam ;
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away ;
And up they rose as vig'rous as the sun, 245
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the song went round ; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole
Their hours away. While in the rosy vale 250
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among those happy sons of Heaven ; 255
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on ;
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds 260
Drop'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meekened, and he join'd his sullen joy : 265
For music held the whole in perfect peace ;
Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round

Apply'd their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270

But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost the concord of harmonious powers, 275
Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all
Is off the poise within : the passions all
Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd, 280
Convulsive anger storms at large ; or pale,
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.

Ev'n love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart ;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire, 290
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance ; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells,
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295
These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,

From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm : whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 306
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good ;
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence :
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell,
 And joyless inhumanity pervades 308
 And petrifies the heart. Nature, disturb'd,
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came ;
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd, 310
 With universal burst, into the gulph ;
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ;
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world : the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before
 Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd, 320
 In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
 Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the sephyr's bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse ; for then nor storms

Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ; 325

Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms

Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth :

While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,

Hung not, relaxing on the springs of life.

But now of turbid elements the sport, 330

From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,

And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,

Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,

Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ; 335

Though with the pure exhilarating soul

Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,

Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.

For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man

Is now become the lion of the plain, 340

And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold

Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk

Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer

At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,

E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high, 345

With hunger stung, and wild necessity ;

Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.

But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,

With every kind emotion in his heart,

And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap 350

She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,

And fruits, as num'rous as the drops of rain

Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355
 And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stained, deserves to bleed : but you, ye flocks,
 What have ye done ? ye peaceful people, what,
 To merit death ? You, who have given us milk
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360
 Against the winter's cold. And the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended ? he, whose toil,
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
 With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed, 365
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Ev'n of the clown he feeds ? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour ? Thus the feeling heart
 Would tenderly suggest : but 'tis enough, 370
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
 High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375
 Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away ;
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam : now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile, 380

To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare.
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

When with his lively ray the potent sun
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds, 395
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
 The next, pursue their rocky channell'd maze,
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little naiads love to sport at large. 400

Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollowed bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow:
 There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly; 405
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive, mark the springing game,
Straight as above the surface of the flood

They wanton rise, or, urg'd by hunger, leap,
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook : 410
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore slow dragging some,
 With various hand proportioned to their force.

If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod, 415
 Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
 He has enjoyed the vital light of Heav'n,
 Soft disengage ; and back into the stream

The speckled captive throw. But should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots 420
 Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.

Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly ;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear. 425

At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desp'rate takes the death,
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line ;
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the shelt'ring weed, 430

The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course

Gives way, you, now retiring, following now 435
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage ;

Till, floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temp'rate hours ; but when the sun 440
Shakes from his noon-day throne the scatt'ring clouds,
E'en shooting listless languor through the deeps ;
Then seek the bank where flow'ring elders crowd,
Where, scatter'd wild, the lily of the vale

Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang 445
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade :

Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The sounding culver shoots, or where the hawk, 450
High in the beetling cliff his aerie builds.

There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song.

Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift 455
Athwart imagination's vivid eye :

Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost, in lonely musing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix

Ten thousand wand'ring images of things, 460
Soothe ev'ry gust of passion into peace ;

All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the muse
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465
 Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In ev'ry bud that blows? If fancy then 470
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah what shall language do? ah where find words
 Ting'd with so many colours; and whose pow'r,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic ga'es, 475
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, though successful, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;
 And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song! 480
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
 Come, with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet;
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul;
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart: 485
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flow'rs, to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their sweets. 490

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant ; or the humid bank
 In fair profusion decks. \ Long let us walk, 495
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy, than, lib'ral, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 500
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flow'rs,
 The negligence of Nature, wide and wild,
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic art, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees, 505
 In swarming millions, tend : around, athwart,
 Through the soft air the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul ;
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare 510
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.
 At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye 515
 Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps :

- Now meets the bending sky ; the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy ruffled lake, 530
 The forest dark'ning round, the glitt'ring spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
- But why so far excursive ? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flow'rs, 535
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace ;
 Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first ;
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes ;
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown ; 530
 And lavish stock, that scents the garden round :
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemonies : auriculas, enriched
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves ;
 And full ranunculos, of glowing red. 535
- Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle freaks : from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run ; and while they break
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks, 540
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
- No gradual bloom is wanting ; from the bud,
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes ;
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward ; nor jonquils, 545
Of potent fragrance ; nor Narcissus fair,

As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still ;
 Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks ;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose :
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of nature and her endless bloom.

Hail ! SOURCE of BEING ! UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of heav'n and earth ! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail !
 To THEE I bend the knee ; to THEE my thoughts, 555
 Continual, climb ; who, with a master-hand,
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By THEE the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew : 560
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.
 At THY command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565
 By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innum'rous colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570
 My panting Muse ! and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour
 The mazy running soul of melody

Into my varied verse ! while I deduce, 575
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, the passion of the groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm through the vital air, and on the heart 580
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin
 In gallant thought to plume the painted wing,
 And try again the long-forgotten strain ;
 At first faint warbled : but no sooner grows
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide, 585
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
 Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of morn :
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Ev'ry copse
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush, 595
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
 Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
 Of notes ; when list'ning Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake ;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove :

Nor are the linnets, o'er the flow'ring furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
 Innum'rous songsters, in the fresh'ning shade 605
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone, *
 Aid the full concert ; while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole. 610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love ;
 That, e'en to birds and beasts the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love 615
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeav'ring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem,
 Soft'ning, the least approbance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance ; then on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ; 625
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver ev'ry feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ; 630

That NATURE's great command may be obey'd :
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
 Commit their feeble offspring : the cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few ;
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
 Others, apart, far in the grassy dale,
 Or rough'ning waste, their humble texture weave. 640
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
 Steep and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645
 Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes ;
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry through the busy air, 650
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent. And often, from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655
 Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,

Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660
 Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathising lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away ; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden sits 665
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break ; and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food 670
 With constant clamour. O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize ! Away they fly,
 Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
 The most delicious morsels to their young ; 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of gen'rous mould,
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cot among the distant woods, 680
 Sustained alone by providential HEAVEN,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.
 Nor toil alone they scorn : exalting love,
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd, 685
 Gives instant courage to the fearful race,

And to the simple, art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighb'ring bush they silent drop,
 And, whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 6:
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wand'ring swain the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild duck, hence, 6:
 O'er the rough moss; and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen, flutters (pious fraud!) to lead
 The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 7:
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its bright'ning lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 7:
 Which, clear and vig'rous, warbles from the beech.
 O then, ye friends of love, and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes; this barb'rous art forbear;
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade. 7:

But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,

The astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls ;
 Her pinions ruffle, and, low drooping, scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade ;
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720
 Her sorrows through the night ; and, on the bough
 Sole sitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe : till, wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky :
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown : 730
 Unlavish WISDOM never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heav'ns, and look abroad 735
 On nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails ; their pinions still,
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void, 740
 Trembling refused ; till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,

Or push them off. The surging air receives
 Its plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on the length'ning flight ;
 Till, vanish'd every fear, and ev'ry pow'r
 Rous'd into life and action, light in air
 The acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race
 Reign the setting sun to Indian worlds, 755
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the tow'ring seat,
 For ages, of his empire ; which, in peace, 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
 Invite the rook, who, high amid the boughs, 765
 In early Spring his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well pleas'd
 I might the various polity survey.

* *The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.*

Of the mix'd household kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock ;
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely chequer'd duck before her train
 Rows garrulous. The stately sailing swan 775
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his ozier-isle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud threat'ning, reddens ; while the peacock spreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun, 781
 And swims in radiant majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
 Flies thick in am'rous chase, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785
 While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes below rush furious into flame,
 And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot ; or through the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.

And oft, in jealous madd'ning fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight; and idly-butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.

Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins: 800

Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,

Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed, 805

With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
 Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
 Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains

Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away; 810

O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
 And, neighing, on the ærial summit takes

Th' exciting gale; then, steep descending, cleaves.

The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,

E'en where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815

Turns in black eddies round: such is the force

With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring

Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep;

From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820

They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.

Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing

The cruel raptures of the savage kind:

How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,

They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 845
 The far-resounding waste, in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
 Forbids ; and leads me to the mountain brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 850
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
 Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race 855
 Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal giv'n,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound
 That runs around the hill ; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barb'rous times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads,
 And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
 Impartial, watch ; the wonder of a world ! 845
 What is this mighty Breath, ye sages, say,
 That in a pow'rful language, felt, not heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heav'n ; and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?
 Inspiring God ! who, boundless Spirit all, 850
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.

He ceaseless works alone ; and yet alone
 Seems not to work : with such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855

But, though conceal'd, to ev'ry purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears :
 Chief, lovely Spring ! in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The SMILING GOD is seen ; while water, earth,
 And air, attest his bounty ; which exalts 860
 The brute creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man : 865
 When heav'n and earth, as if contending, vie
 To raise his being, and serene his soul,
 Can he forbear to join the gen'ral smile
 Of Nature ? Can fierce passions vex his breast
 While ev'ry gale is peace, and ev'ry grove 870
 Is melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe ;
 Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !

But come, ye gen'rous minds, in whose wide thought,
 Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns 876
 With warmest beam, and on your open front
 And lib'ral eye, sits, from his dark retreat
 Inviting modest want. Nor, till invoc'd,
 Can restless goodness wait : your active search 880

Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd ;
 Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprising oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you, the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows spring abroad : for you, the teeming clouds 885
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world ;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flow'r of human race ! In these green days
 Reviving sickness lifts her languid head ;
 Life flows afresh : and young-eyed Health exalts 890
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er her heart, beyond the pow'r of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still. 895
 By swift degrees her love of Nature works,
 And warms the bosom ; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present DEITY, and taste
 The joy of GOD to see a happy world ! 900

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
 O LYTTLETON, the friend ! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley park thou stray'st ; 905
 Thy British Tempe ! There along the dale,
 With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play ;

And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees, 910
 You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915
 The hollow-whisp'ring breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted, oft
 You wander through the philosophic world ; 920
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time ;
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925
 And honest zeal, unwarp'd by party-rage,
 BRITANNIA's weal ; how from the venal gulf
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm : while, with sure taste refin'd, 930
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song ;
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.

Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ; 935
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,

Tost by ungen'rous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace ;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 In varied converse, soft'ning every theme, 940
 You, frequent pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness, dwell, enraptur'd drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Unutterable happiness ! which love 945
 Alone bestows, and on a favour'd few.
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around :
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and dark'ning heath between, 950
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams :
 Wide-stretching from the Hall, in whose kind haunt
 The hospital Genius lingers still, 955
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.
 Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year, 960
 Now from the Virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
 Her lips Blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,

In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves 965
 With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
 Dare not the infectious sigh ; the pleading look,
 Down-cast and low, in meek submission drest,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.
 And let th' aspiring youth beware of love, 980
 Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent softness pours :
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985
 Still paints th' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
 Th' enticing smile ; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :
 And still false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
 Her syren-voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid ; while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours ; 995
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky crest : a quick-returning pang
 Shoots thro' the conscions heart, where honour still,
 And great design, against th' oppressive load
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

But absent, what fantastic woes, aroun'd,
 Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
 Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life !
 Neglected fortune flies ; and sliding swift,
 Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005
 'Tis nought but gloom around ; the darken'd sun
 Looses his light : the rosy-bosom'd Spring
 To weeping fancy pines ; and yon bright arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.

All Nature fades extinct ; and she alone 1010
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
 Books are but formal dullness, tedious friends ;
 And sad amid the social band he sits,
 Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue 1015
 The unfinish'd period falls ; while borne away
 On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair ;
 And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
 In melancholy site, with head declin'd, 1020

And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms ;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs : there through the pensive dusk 1015
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love : or on the bank,
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.

Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy East,
Enlightened by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours ; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1035
With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his : or, while the world,
And all the sons of Care, lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear ;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving messenger of love ;
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising phrenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies ; 1045
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds ; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,

Exanimate by love ; and then perhaps
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest, 1050
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.

Oft with the enchantress of his soul he talks ;
 Sometimes in crowds distress'd ; or if retir'd 1055
 To secret winding flow'r-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how, 1060
 Through forests huge, and long untravell'd heaths
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt ; or shrinks aghast,
 Back from the bending precipice ; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065
 The farther shore, where succourless and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores ;
 But strives in vain : borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070

These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But through the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all

Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell ! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague. 1080
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah ! then, instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed, 1085
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire ;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views 1090
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail, 1095
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1100
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins ;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart :
For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were ease to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,

Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds, 1105
 Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of fevered rapture, or of cruel care :
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they ! the happiest of their kind ! 1110

Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace ; but harmony itself, 1115
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will, 1120
 With boundless confidence : for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure. 78

Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parent buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care, 1125
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days ;
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
 Let Eastern tyrants from the light of Heaven
 Seclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd 1130
 Of a mere lifeless, violated form :
 While those whom love cements in holy faith,

And equal transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them ?
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all ? 1135
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumined face ;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love, 1140
 The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows ; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm, 1145
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot, 1150
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around, 1155
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart :
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160
 Progressive virtue and approving HEAVEN.

These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING 1165
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Famour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.



SUMMER.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. Dodington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the Seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Group of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of the Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich, well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great-Britain. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of Philosophy.



SUMMER.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth :
He comes, attended by the sultry hours,
And ever-fanning breezes, on his way ; 5
While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders through the gloom ; 10
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, Inspiration ! from thy hermit-seat, 15
By mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

And thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
 In whom the human graces all unite ;
 Pure light of mind and tenderness of heart ;
 Genius and wisdom ; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastis'd : goodness and wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal
 For BRITAIN's glory, Liberty and Man :
 O, DODINGTON ! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful world-revolving pow'r
 Were first the unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void ! thus to remain,
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
 And all their labour'd monuments, away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless in their course ;
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the Seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful ! such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND !
 That pois'd impels, and rules the steady WHOLE.

When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
 And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night ; 45
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-eye'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled East :

Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
Brown Night retires : young Day pours in space,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
Blue, through the dusk, the smoking currents shine ;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward : while along the forest glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes 60
The native voice of undissembled joy ;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells ;
And from the crowded fold, in order drives 65
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake ;
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
To meditation due and sacred song ? 70
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise ?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life ;
Total extinction of th' enlightened soul !
Or else to fev'rish vanity alive, 75
Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams !

Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves ; when every Muse
And every blooming pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly-devious morning walk ? 80

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the East. The lessening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illumin'd with fluid gold, his near approach
Betoken glad. Lo ! now apparent all, 85
Aslant the dew-bright earth and colour'd air,
He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime cheerer, Light ! 90
Of all material beings first, and best !
Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen 95
Shines out thy MAKER ! may I sing of Thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,
Thy system rolls entire ; from the far bourne
Of utmost Saturn, wheeling wide his round 100
Of thirty years ; to Mercury, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.
Informer of the planetary train !

Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead, 106
 And not, as now, the green abodes of life !
 How many forms of being wait on thee !
 Inhaling spirit ; from the unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of Seasons ! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne ; as through thy vast domain,
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
 Meantime th' expecting nations, circled gay,
 With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car, 120
 High seen, the Seasons lead, in sprightly dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd Hours ;
 The Zephyrs floating loose ; the timely Rains ;
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews ;
 And softened into joy the surly Storms. 125
 These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth, 130
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd :

But, to the bowell'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence, the veiny marble shines ; 135
Hence labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind ; and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140
In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean ; and of evening tinct, 150
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.

With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd 155
Thick through the whitening Opal play thy beams ;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

The very dead creation, from thy touch 160

Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the reluctant stream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice-abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The desert joys, 165
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
Unequal far ; great delegated source
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !
How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM ! 175
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ?
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180
That beam for ever through the boundless sky :
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loos'ning reel
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.
And yet was every faltering tongue of Man, 185
ALMIGHTY FATHER ! silent in thy praise,
Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
Even in the depth of solitary woods

By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power ;
 And to the quire celestial ~~THEE~~ resound, 190
 The eternal cause, support, and end of all !

To me be Nature's volume broad display'd ;
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195
 My sole delight ; as through the falling glooms
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
 On Fancy's eagle wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds, 200
 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd
 The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
 Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere. 205

Half in a blush of clust'ring roses lost,
 Dew-dropping Coolness to the shade retires ;
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;
 While tyrant Heat, disspreading through the sky,
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210
 On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can un pitying see the flow'ry race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
 Before the parching beam ? So fade the fair,
 When fevers revel through their azure veins. 215
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,

n he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 g all night; and, when he warm returns,
 er enamour'd bosom to his ray.
 , from his morning task, the swain retreats; 220
 : before him stepping to the fold:
 ie full-udder'd mother lows around
 erful cottage, then expecting food,
 l of innocence and health! The daw,
 r, and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225
 : calm village in their verdant arms,
 g, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
 n the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
 ot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 nderneath, the household fowls convene; 230
 a corner of the buzzing shade,
 se-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
 ch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 the nightly thief, and one exults
 . and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp, 235
 rting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
 ie little noisy summer race
 her lay, and flutter through her song:
 n, though simple; to the sun ally'd,
 m they draw their animating fire. 240
 l by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 ing'd abroad; by the light air upborne,
 and full of soul. From ev'ry chink,
 ret corner, where they slept away

The wintry storms : or rising from their tombs, 245
 To higher life ; by myriads forth at once,
 Swarming they pour ; of all the varied hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.

Ten thousand forms ! ten thousand different tribes !
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
 By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
 They, sportive, wheel ; or sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
 Or darting salmon. Through the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed 255
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit ev'ry flow'r,
 And ev'ry latent herb : for the sweet task,
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
 They meet their fate ; or weltering in the bowl, 265
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap 270
Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
O'erlooking all his waving snares around.

Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
 Passes ; as oft the ruffian shows his front.
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd : the flutt'ring wing,
 And shriller sound, declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

Resounds the living surface of the ground :
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless-hum,
 To him who muses through the woods at noon ;
 Or drowsy shepherd as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
 Of willows gray, close-crowding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend,
 Evading ev'n the microscopic eye !
 Full nature swarms with life ; one wond'rous mass
 Of animals, or atoms organis'd, 290
 Waiting the vital breath, when PARENT-HEAVEN
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
 In putrid steams, emits the living cloud
 Of pestilence. Through subterranean cells,
 Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way, 295
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel, the stone
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300

The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.

Each liquid too, whether it pierces, soothes,
Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,
Though one transparent vacancy it seems,
Void of their unseen people. These, concealed
By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape
The grosser eye of Man : for, if the worlds
In worlds enclos'd should on his senses burst,
From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,
When silence sleeps o'er all, be stunn'd with noise

Let no presuming impious railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind ?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art !
A critic fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.

And lives the Man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things ; 330
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That this availeth nought ? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink 335
 Of dreary Nothing, desolate abyss !
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns ?
 Till then, alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
 The quivering nations sport ; till, tempest-wing'd,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day, 345
 Ev'n so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine ;
 A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vices ;
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong ; full as the summer-rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
 Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all

Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Even stooping age is here ; and infant hands
 Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360

Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 They spread their breathing harvest to the sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell :
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool ; this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375

Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in : 380
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,

Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And, panting, labour to the farthest shore :
Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece

Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 386
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream.
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race ; where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill ; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.

At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd, 395
 Head above head ; and, rang'd in lusty rows,
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
 One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd, 400
 Shines o'er the rest, the past'ral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet beaming, on her shepherd-king ;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace : 405
 Some, mingling, stir the melted tar, and some,
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp his master's cipher ready stand :
 Other's the unwilling wether drag along ;
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 Holds by the twisted horns the indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,

By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
 What softness in its melancholy face, 415
 What dumb complaining innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumb'rous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! Yet hence Britannia sees
 Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425
 The treasures of the Sun, without his rage :
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
 Wide glows her land ; her dreadful thunder hence,
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, ev'n now,
 Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coast ; 430
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon ; and, vertical, the Sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns ; and all 435
 From pole to pole, is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief : thence hot ascending steams
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440

pperly lawn an arid hue disclose,
 ancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the soul.
 o more returns the cheerful sound
 pening scythe ; the mower, sinking, heaps
 n the humid hay, with flowers perfumed : 445
 rce a chirping grasshopper is heard
 a the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 y streams look languid from afar ;
 ough th' unshelter'd glade impatient seem
 into the covert of the grove. 450
 nquering Heat ! oh intermit thy wrath !
 my throbbing temples potent thus
 at so fierce ! Incessant still you flow,
 l another fervent flood succeeds,
 n the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
 less turn, and look around for night ;
 far off : and hotter hours approach.
 appy he ! who on the sunless side
 antic mountain, forest crown'd,
 the whole collected shade reclines ; 460
 e gelid caverns, woodbine wrought,
 h-bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
 y calm ; while all the world without,
 ed and sick, tosses in noon.
 instructive of the virtuous Man, 465
 ps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
 y passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 arring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !
 Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks ! 470
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 476
 Cool thro' the nerves your pleasing comfort glides ;
 The heart beats glad ; the fresh expanded eye
 And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit,
 And life shoots swift through all the lighten'd limbs.

Around the adjoining brook, that purls along 480
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving through a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limped plain ;
 A various group the herds and flocks compose, 485
 Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
 Half in the flood, and, often bending, sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
 Which incompas'd he shakes ; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd : 495
Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;
There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gaddies fasten on the herd ;
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
 Through all the bright severity of noon ;
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estrang'd to fear : his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength,
 Bears down th' opposing stream : quenchless his thirst ;
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts ;
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth ;
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation ; these
 The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
 Ecstatic, felt ; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms, 525

On gracious errands bent : to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice ;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For future trials fated to prepare ; 530

To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes : to soothe the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd (to turn the death ; 535
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rons'd, I feel 540
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,

Creep thro' my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
 Of fancy strikes : " Be not of us afraid,
 Poor kindred Man ! thy fellow-creatures, we 545

From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew ;
 "The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 Once some of us, like thee, through stormy life
 Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550

Where purity and peace imingle charms.

*Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,
 Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd*

By noisy folly, and discordant vice,
 Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's God. 555
 Here, frequent, at the visionary hour,
 When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,
 Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade : 560
 A privilege bestow'd by us, alone;
 On contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strains."

And art thou, STANLEY*, of that sacred band ?
 Alas ! for us too soon. Though rais'd above 565
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy ; yet with a mingled ray
 Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe :
 Who seeks thee still in many a former scene ; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd ; where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art, and virtue glow'd
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
 But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 5

Believe the Muse : the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 5
I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
Of a near fall of water every sense
Wakes from the charm of thought : swift shrinking back
I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood 5
Rolls fair and placid ; where collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 5
And from the loud-resounding rocks below
Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.

Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose ;
But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 6
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollowed channel rapid darts ;

And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course, and lessened roar, -
It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 6

Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

*Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars, .*

SUMMER.

83

and pinions, through the flood of day,
 g full his bosom to the blaze, 610
 the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
 afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
 he thicket ; or, from bower to bower
 e, force an interrupted strain.
 -dove only through the forest cooes, 615
 ly hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint ;
 rval of weary woe ! Again
 lea of his murder'd mate,
 om his side by savage fowler's guile,
 e fancy comes ; and then resounds 620
 song of sorrow through the grove.
 the dewy border let me sit,
 e freshness of the humid air ;
 that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,
 e chair moss-lin'd, and over head 625
 ing umbrage shaded ; where the bee
 igent, and with th' extracted balm
 nt woodbine loads his little thigh.
 hile I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 ture lies around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630
 e, 'bold Fancy, spread a daring flight,
 the wonders of the Torrid Zone :
 arelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,
 e is feeble, and yon skies are cool.
 w at once the bright effulgent sun, 635
 set, swift chases from the sky.

The short-liv'd twilight ; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air :
He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
The general breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year
Returning suns and double seasons† pass :
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines
That on the high equator ridgy rise,
Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays :
Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills ;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundless deep immensity of shade.

Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown ;
The noble sons of potent heat and floods,
Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
Their thorny stems ; and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east, caused by the pressure of the rarified air on that belt according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he advances and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a year visible which produces this effect.

Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 Redoubled day ; yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

Bear me, Pomona ! to thy citron groves ;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange, glowing through the green, 665
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind, that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze its fever-cooling fruit.
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
 Quench my hot limbs ; or lead me through the maze,
 Embowering endless, of the Indian fig ; 671
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 675
 Or stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine ;
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its slender twigs 680
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd ;
 Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp :
 Witness, thou best Anâna ! thou the pride 685

Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age :
 Quick let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove !

From these the prospect varies. Plains immensas 690
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.
 Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 695
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
 Exuberant spring ; for oft these valleys shift
 Their green embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 700

Along these lonely regions, where retir'd
 From little scenes of art, great Nature dwells
 In awful solitude ; and nought is seen
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall ;
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatt'ning seas ; 705
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
 Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.

The flood disparts : behold, in plaited mail,
 Behemoth* rears his head. Glanc'd from his side, 710
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies :

* The hippopotamus, or river horse.

less walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
 as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
 ning circle round, forget their food,
 the harmless stranger wondering gaze. 715
 :ful, beneath primeval trees that cast,
 mple shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
 ere the Ganges rolls his sacred wave ;
 the central depth of blackening woods,
 is'd in solemn theatre around, 720
 ie huge elephant : wisest of brutes !
 wise ! with gentle might endow'd :
 powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees
 ig ages sweep the changeful earth,
 pires rise and fall ; regardless he 725
 the never-resting race of Men
 thrice happy ! could he 'scape their guile,
 ne, from cruel avarice, his steps ;
 his towery grandeur swell their state,
 le of kings ! or else his strength pervert, 730
 him rage amid the mortal fray,
 i'd at the madness of mankind.
 o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 id blossoms glowing from afar,
 warm the brighter birds. For nature's hand, 735
 th a sportive vanity has deck'd
 my nations, there her gayest hues
 y pours. But, if she bids them shine,
 in all the beauteous beams of day,

Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song*. 740

Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent

Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast

A boundless radiance waving on the sun,

While Philomel is ours ; while in our shades,

Through the soft silence of the listening night, 745

The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

But come, my Muse, the desert-barrier burst,

A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky :

And, swifter than the toiling caravan,

Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar ; ardent climb 750

The Nubian mountains, and the secret bounds

Of jealous Abyssinia boldly pierce.

Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask

Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth ;

No holy Fury thou, blaspheming HEAVEN, 755

With consecrated steel to stab their peace,

And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,

To spread the purple tyranny of Rome.

Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,

From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers, 760

From jas'mine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,

Through palmy shades and aromatic woods,

That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,

And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765
 For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise ;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields ; 770
 And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray ; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault ; there let me draw
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775
 And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;
 And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind : 780
 A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of noon
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 785
 Still horror reigns ! a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd !
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,
 Where, highly rarefy'd the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd :
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,

Or silent borne along, heavy and slow,
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 795
 Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The thunder holds his black tremendous throne :
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage ;
 Till, in the furious elemental war 800
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge, whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling Nile. 805
 From his two springs, in Gojam's sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
 Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-stream.
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810
 That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along : 815
 Through splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life deserted sand ; till glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the Nubian rocks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn, 820

And Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave.
 His brother Niger too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
 Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd through gorgeous Ind 825
 Fall on Cor'mondel's coast, or Malabar ;
 From Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds
 On Indus' smiling banks the rosy shower :
 All at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
 And pour untailing harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, COLUMBUS, drinks refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching Oronoque
 Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives 835
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees ;
 At once his doom, his robe, his food, and arms.

Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring Andes, huge descends
 The mighty Orellana†. Scarce the Muse 840
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like Plata ; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845

* The river that runs through Siam ; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called fire-flies make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

In silent dignity they sweep along,
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these, 850
 O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom many a happy isle ;
 The seat of blameless Pan, yet undisturb'd
 By Christian crimes and Europe's cruel sons. 855
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe ;
 And Ocean trembles from his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ? 860
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ?
 This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain ?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits ? What the cool draughts,
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 866
 Their forests yield ? Their toiling insects what ?
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?
 Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
 Golconda's gems, and sad Potosi's mines ;
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun ?
 What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,

Her od'rous woods, and shining ivory stores?
Ill fated race! the softening arts of Peace, 875
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
Progressive truth; the patient force of thought;
Investigation calm, whose silent powers
Command the world; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws, 881
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Sustains the name and dignity of Man;
These are not theirs. The parent sun himself
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize; 885
And, with oppressive ray, the roseate bloom
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature gross; or worse, to ruthless deeds,
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there; 890
The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 895
There lost. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green serpent from his dark abode,
Which ev'n Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 900
In orbs immense, then darting out anew,

Seeks the refreshing fount ; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds ; and while, with threat'ning tongue,
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls
 His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of Fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom through the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
 This child of vengeful Nature ! There sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 Roams, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915
 His sacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd ;
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
 And scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920
 The keen hyæna, fellest of the fell.
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
 That verdant rise amid the Libyan wild,
 Innumerable glare around their shaggy king, 925
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 Crowd near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,

SUMMER.

95

y round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
 uminating lie, with horror hear
 ming rage. Th' awakened village starts ;
 her fluttering breast the mother strains
 oughless infant. From the pirate's den,
 n Morocco's tyrant fang escap'd, 935
 etch half wishes for his bonds again :
 uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 Atlas eastward to the frightened Nile.
 appy he ! who from the first of joys,
 , cut off, is left alone 940
 his world of death. Day after day,
 the jutting eminence he sits,
 ews the main that ever toils below ;
 ndly forming in the farthest verge,
 the round ether mixes with the wave, 945
 dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds :
 ning to the setting sun he turns
 rnfal eye, and down his dying heart
 elpless, while the wonted roar is up,
 ss continual through the tedious night. 950
 re, even here, into these black abodes
 isters, unappall'd, from stooping Rome,
 iltly Cæsar, LIBERTY retir'd,
 nto following through Numidian wilds :
 ful of Compania's gentle plains, 955
 the green delights Ausonia pours :

When for them she must bend the servile knee,
And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of these regions here.
Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath ! 9
Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
And the wide-glittering waste of burning sand,
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 9
Son of the desert ! ev'n the camel, feels,
Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
Or from the black red ether, bursting broad,
Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Straight the sands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play ; 9
Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
Till, with the general all-involving storm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 9
Beneath descending hills the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets,
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave 9
Obeys the blast, the aerial tumult swells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,

The circling Typhon*, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
 And dire Ecnephia* reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy speck†
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995
 Of roaring winds and flame, and rushing floods.

In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow: by rapid Fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss. 1000
 With such mad seas the daring GAMA ‡ fought
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, lab'ring round the stormy Cape;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd 1005
 The rising world of trade; the Genius then,

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the ox-eye, being in appearance at first no bigger.

‡ Vasco de Gama, the first who sailed round Africa by the Cape of Good Hope, to the East Indies.

Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep
For idle ages, starting, heard at last
The Lusitanian prince* ; who Heaven-inspired,
To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ;
And from the partners of that cruel trade
Which spoils unhappy Guinea of her sons,
Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
The stormy Fates descend : one death involves
Tyrants and slaves ; when straight their mangled
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
And draws the copious steam from swampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods,
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,

* Don Henry, third son to John the First, king of Por
His strong genius to the discovery of new countries w
chief source of all the modern improvements in navig

In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire power of pestilent disease. 1085

A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
 Such as, of late, at Carthage^a quenob'd 1040

The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON ! saw
 The miserable scene : you, pitying, saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye 1045
 No more with ardour bright : you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore :
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse ; while on each other fix'd
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of NEMESIS divine,
 Descends ? From Ethiopia's poisoned woods, 1055
 From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying* heap'd,

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of
 the plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

This great destroyer sprung: Her awful rage
 The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then, 1065
 Dejects his watchful eye, and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad; 1070
 Into the worst of deserts sudden turn'd
 The cheerful haunt of Men: unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horrors reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch
 With phrenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1076
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society:
 Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,
 The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs 1086

They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing : while, to complete
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unsung : the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year :
 Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095
 Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulf. 1100
 But 'tis enough : return, my vagrant Muse :
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove,
 Unusual darkness broods ; and, growing, gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd 1105
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame, 1110
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal row'd,

The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 1115
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread through the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 1120
 Prone, to the lowest vale, the aerial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye ; by Man forsook, 1125
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ; 1130
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1135
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider : shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1140
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,

ng, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal
 horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
 n comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 re-descending rain. Wide rent, the clouds 1145
 whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 conquerable lightning struggles through,
 and fierce, or in red whirling balls ;
 es the mountains with redoubled rage.
 rom the stroke, above, the smouldering pine 1150
 a sad shatter'd trunk ; and stretch'd below,
 as group the blasted cattle lie :
 re soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 ore alive, and ruminating still
 y's eye ; and there the frowning bull 1155
 half-rai'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 nerable tower and spiry fane
 their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 t the flash, and from their deep recess,
 laming out, their trembling inmates shake. 1160
 Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
 percussive roar : with mighty crush,
 e flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 manmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
 e the smitten cliffs ; and Snowden's peak, 1165
 ing, instant yields his wintry load.
 n, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
 hule bellows through her utmost ilea.
 : hears appall'd, with deeply-troubled thought.

And yet not always on the guilty head
 Descends the fated flash. Young CELADON
 And his AMELIA were a matchless pair ;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
 Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd : but such their guileless passion wa
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
 'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
 Supremely happy in th' awakened power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd ;
 While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.

*Presaging instant fate her bosom heav'd
 Unwonted sighs ; and stealing oft a look
 Of the big gloom on CELADON, her eye*

Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
 In vain assuring love, and confidence
 In HEAVEN, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook, 1200
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not," he said,
 " Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence, 1205
 And inward storm ! He, who yon skies involves
 In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
 That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice, 1210
 Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 To clasp perfection !" From his void embrace,
 Mysterious Heaven ! that moment, to the ground, 1215
 A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !
 So faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb, 1220
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.
 As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
 Sublimar swells, and o'er the world expands 1225

A purer azure. Through the lightened air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray, 1230
 Invests the fields; and Nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man, 1235
 Most favour'd; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenest the sky,
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd? 1240
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

Cheer'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shows. Awhile he stands 1245
 Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
 To meditate the blue profound below;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek,
 Instant emerge; and through the obedient wave, 1250
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,
 As humours leads, an easy-winding path;

While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round. 1255

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer-heats ;
Nor when cold WINTER keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd, 1260
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force ; and the same Roman arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave. 1265
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close on the covert of an hazle copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat, 1270
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd. 1275
She felt his flame ; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
The soft return conceal'd ; save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs. 1280
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,

He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart ;
And if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain !
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate 128
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo ! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought.
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd ;
And rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe 129
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do ? In sweet confusion lost,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd :
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few, 130
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire.
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
Say, ye severest, what would you have done ?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around 131
The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
Ah then ! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine 132
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, DAMON, thou ; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew ;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone ;

ough the parting robe, th' alternate breast, 1310
 nth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 xuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
 rst thou risk the soul-distracting view,
 her naked limbs, of glowing white,
 ious swell'd by Nature's finest hand, 1315
 loose-floating fell the fainter lawn ;
 ' expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 ncy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 , and starting like the fearful fawn ?
 the flood she rush'd ; the parted flood 1320
 y guest with closing waves receiv'd ;
 ry beauty softening, every grace
 ; anew, a mellow lustre shed ;
 s the lily through the crystal mild ;
 e rose amid the morning dew, 1325
 om Aurora's hand, more sweetly glows.
 : thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
 onceal'd ; and now with streaming locks,
 lf-embraced her in a humid veil,
 gain, the latent DAMON drew 1330
 dd'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
 xury too daring. Check'd, at last,
 ; respectful modesty, he deem'd
 ft profane, if aught profane to love 1335
 ' be deem'd ; and, struggling from the shade,
 adlong hurry fled ; but first these lines,

Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw : " Bathe on, my fair,
 Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1340
 Of faithful love : I go to guard thy haunt ;
 To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood. 1345
 So stands the statue* that enchants the world ;
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.

Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful Eden knew not ; and, array'd 1350
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd : shame void of guilt ; 1355
 The charming blush of innocence ; esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted : ev'n a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm 1360
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul ;
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen

* The Venus of Medici.

Of rural lovers, this confession carv'd,
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy : 1365
 " Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean ;
 By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
 Alas ! not favour'd less ; be still as now
 Discreet ; the time may come you need not fly."

The sun has lost his rage : his downward orb 1370
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
 And vital lustre ; that, with anxious ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of Heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
 The dream of waking fancy ! Broad below, 1375
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes ; for him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse 1380
 With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul ;
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world, 1385
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light ;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ; 1390
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day.

Now to the verdant portico of woods,
 To Nature's vast Lyceum, forth they walk ;
 By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart 1395
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport ; which the SIRE
 Of love approving hears, and calls it good.

Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course ? 1400
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse ?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams ? or walk the smiling mead ?
 Or court the forest glades ? or wander wild
 Among the waving harvests ? or ascend, 1405
 While radiant SUMMER opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful-Shene* ? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landscape : now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send ;
 Now to the Sister-hills † that skirt her plain ; 1410
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver THAMES first rural grows. 1415
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray :

* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon shining
 or splendour.

† Highgate and Hampstead.

Luxurious, there, rove through the pendant woods
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat;
 And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd, 1420
 With HER the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy QUEENSE'RY yet laments his GAY;
 And polish'd CORNBURY wooes the willing Muse.
 Slow let us trace the Matchless VALE of THAMES;
 Fair winding up to where the Muses haunt 1425
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their POPE implore
 The healing God* ; to royal Hampton's pile ;
 To Clermont's terras'd height ; and Esher's groves ;
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole, 1430
 From courts and senates PELNAM finds repose.
 Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung !
 O vale of bliss ! O softly-swelling hills !
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies, 1435
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays ! 1440
 Happy BRITANNIA ! where the QUEEN of ARTS,
 Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad

* In his last sickness.

Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ; 1446
Thy streams unfailing in the SUMMER's drought ;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float
With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1450

Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil. 1455

Full are thy cities with the sons of art ;
And trade and joy, in every busy street,
Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports, 1460
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn ; and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu ; and loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind. 1465

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd and by danger fir'd ;
Scattering the nations where they go ; and first
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans 1470
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside ;

In genius, and substantial learning, high ;
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd ;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd, 1475
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy SONS of GLORY many ! ALFRED thine ;
 In whom the splendour of heroic war
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well, 1480
 Combine ; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
 And his own Muses love ; the best of Kings !
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
 Names dear to Fame ; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1485
 That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,
 And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady MORRIS,
 Who, with a generous, though mistaken, zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just, 1490
 Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor ;
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.

Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine ;
 A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world. 1495
 Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN ?
 In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd ;
 RALEIGH, the scourge of Spain ! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1500

Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
 The warrior fetter'd ; and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still, and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past; 1505
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world ;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.

Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass, 1510
 The plume of war ! with early laurels crown'd,
 The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.

A HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious land !
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul ;
 Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age, 1515
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.

Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble when they read. 1520

Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where RUSSEL lies ; whose temper'd blood,
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ;
 Aiming at lawless power, though meanly sunk 1525
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him

His friend, the BRITISH CASSIUS*, fearless bled ;

* Algernon Sidney.

SUMMER.

117

determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 ient learning to th' enlightened love
 ent freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown 1530
 il Sages and in noble Bards ;
 the light of dawning Science spread
 ient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 ie is a BACON ; hapless in his choice,
 stand the civil storm of state, 1535
 rough the smooth barbarity of courts,
 rm but pliant virtue, forward still
 his course ; him for the studious shade
 ature form'd ; deep, comprehensive, clear,
 and elegant ; in one rich soul, 1540
 the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
 eat deliverer he ! who from the gloom
 ter'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 th the true Philosophy, there long
 the magic chain of words and forms 1545
 finitions void : he led her forth,
 er of HEAVEN ! that slow ascending still,
 gating sure the chain of things,
 adiant finger points to HEAVEN again.
 generous ASHLEY* thine, the friend of Man ;
 aun'd his Nature with a brother's eye : 1551
 akness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 ch the finer movements of the mind,

Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftsbury.

And with the moral beauty charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy **BOYLE**, whose pious search 1555
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,
 The great **CREATOR** sought? And why thy **LOCKE**,
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let **NEWTON**, pure Intelligence! whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works 1560
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild **SHAKESPEAR** thine and Nature's boast? 1565
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy **MILTON** met?
 A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as Chaos; as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair; as Heaven sublime. 1570
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle **SPENSER**, Fancy's pleasing son;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
 Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage, 1575
CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well moraliz'd, shines through the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
 May my song soften, as thy **DAUGHTERS** I,
BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own, 1580
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,

gance, and taste ; the faultless form
 by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,
 he live crimson, through the native white
 sting, o'er the face diffuses bloom, 1585
 ry nameless grace ; the parted lip,
 red rose-bud, moist with morning dew,
 ug delight ; and, under flowing jet,
 y ringlets, or of circling brown,
 k slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ; 1590
 : resistless, piercing to the soul,
 the soul inform'd, 'When drest in love
 high-smiling in the conscious eye.
 l of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
 under round thy rocky coasts, set up, 1595
 the wonder, terror, and delight,
 nt nations ; whose remotest shores
 n be shaken by thy naval arm ;
 e shook thyself ; but all assaults
 , as thy hear cliffs the loud sea-wave. 1600
 ou ! by whose almighty nod the scale
 re rises, or alternate falls ;
 th the saving VIKINGS round the land,
 t patrol ; white Peace, and social Love ;
 der-looking Charity, intent 1605
 le deeds, and shedding tears through smiles ;
 ted Truth, and Dignity of mind ;
 compos'd, and keen ; sound Temperance,
 al in heart and look ; clear chastity,

With blushes reddening as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
Rough Industry : Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake ;
While in the radiant front, superior shines
That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal ;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey ;
And, ever musing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp-attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb ;
Now half immers'd ; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ;
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank ;
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,

Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
A drooping family of modest worth.

But to the generous still-improving mind, 1640

That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,

Diffusing kind beneficence around,

Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;

To him the long review of order'd life

Is inward rapture, only to be felt. 1645

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,

All other softening, sober Evening takes

Her wonted station in the middle air ;

A thousand shadows at her beck. First this

She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye 1650

Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,

In circle following circle, gathers round,

To close the face of things. A fresher gale

Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,

Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ; 1655

While the quail clamours for his running mate.

Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,

A whitening shower of vegetable down

Amusive floats. The kind impartial care

Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed 1660

Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,

From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home

Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves ~

The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ; 1665

The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height, 1670
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game and revelry, to pass
 The summer-night, as village-stories tell.
 But far about they wander from the grave 1675
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shunn'd ; whose mournful chambers hold,
 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost. 1680
 Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his gem ; and, through the dark,
 A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
 The world to Night ; not in her winter-robe
 Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray, 1685
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd 1690
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
 Thence weary vision turns, where, leading soft

lent hours of love, with purest ray
 Venus shines ; and from her genial rise, 1695
 daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
 all'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
 thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 cherish'd gaze the lambent lightnings shoot
 the sky, or horizontal dart 1700
 ndrous shapes ; by fearful murmuring crowds
 ous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 nore than deck, that animate the sky,
 fe infusing suns of other worlds ;
 rom the dread immensity of space 1705
 ing, with accelerated course,
 shing comet to the sun descends ;
 s he sinks below the shading earth,
 awful train projected o'er the heavens,
 uilty nations tremble. But, above 1710
 superstitious horrors that enslave
 nd sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 lind amazement prone, the enlighten'd few,
 e god-like minds philosophy exalts,
 glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy 1715
 ely great ; they in their powers exult,
 wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
 lousy spot, and measures all the sky ;
 , from his far excursion through the wilds
 rren ether, faithful to his time, 1720
 see the blazing wonder rise anew,

In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love ;
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs, 1725
 Through which his long ellipsis winds ; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song ! 1730
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth !
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer-noon ; and pure as that
 Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day, 1735
 Hence through her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains, 1740
 Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,
 To Reason's, and to Fancy's eye display'd :
 The first up-tracing, from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects, to HIM, 1745
 The world-producing ESSENCE ! who alone
 Possesses being ; while the last receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,

Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense, 1750
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence POETRY exalts
Her voice to ages ; and informs the page
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
Never to die ! the treasure of mankind ! 1755
Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

Without thee, what were unenlighten'd Man ?
A savage, roaming through the woods and wilds,
In quest of prey ; and with th' unfashion'd fur
Rough clad ; devoid of every finer art, 1760
And elegance of life. Nor happiness
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
Nor guardian law were his ; nor various skill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool 1765
Mechanic ; nor the heaven conducted prow,
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
The burning line or dares the wintry pole ;
Mother severe of infinite delights !
Nothing, save rapine, indolence and guile, 1770
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train !
Whose horrid circle had made human life
Than non-existence worse : but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace ;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all 1775
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philosophy directs



The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along. 1780

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth,
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
 Creation through : and, from that full complex-
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive 1785

Of the SOLE-BEING right, who spoke the word,
 And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 Her eye ; and, instant at her powerful glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ; 1790

Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth ;
 And notion quite abstract ; where first begins 1795

The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfetter'd and unmixt. But here the cloud,
 So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.
 Enough for us to know that this dark state,
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits, 1800

This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of GOD ;
 By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising mind.

AUTUMN.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. Onslow. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest-storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, inquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moonlight. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sunshiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.

AUTUMN.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While **AUTUMN**, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on ; the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
Nitrous prepar'd ; the various-blossom'd Spring 5
Put in white promise forth ; and Summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view ;
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ONSLOW ! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
Would from the Public Voice thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow ;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue ; she,
Though weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whenc'er her country rushes on her heart, 20

Assumes a bolder note; and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal scales the year;
From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook 25
Of parting Summer, a serener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below 30
Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;
The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun
By fits effulgent gilds the illumin'd field,
And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart expanding view, 40
Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, INDUSTRY! rough power;
Whom labour still attends, and sweat and pain;
Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
And all the soft civility of life.

*Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,
Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods*

And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite ; but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
 Slept the legathic powers ; corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year ;
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
 Aghast and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
 With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;
 And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away,
 For home he had not : home is the resort 65
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty ; where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations, mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Ev'n desolate in crowds ; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :
 A waste of time ! till INDIUM approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :
 His faculties unfolded ! pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded ; show'd him how to raise

His feeble force by the mechanic powers ;
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth ;
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire ;
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ; 80
Gave the tall ancient forest to his axe ;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;
With wholesome viands fill'd his table ; pour'd
The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit :
Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ; 90
But still advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;
And, breathing high ambition through his soul,
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below. 95

Then gath'ring men their natural powers combin'd,
And form'd a Public ; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly represented Whole ; 100
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws ;
Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
And with joint force Oppression chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm ; yet still

To them accountable : nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower encircled head ;
 And stretching street on street, by thousands drew 115
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then COMMERCE brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant ; the big warehouse built ;
 Rais'd the strong crane ; choak'd up the loaded street
 With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O THAMES, 121
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires ; the bellying sheet between 125
 Possess'd the breezy void ; the sooty bulk
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with oak,

To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof ; and Luxury within 135
Pour'd out her glittering stores ; the canvas smooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination flush'd. 140

All is the gift of INDUSTRY ; whate'er
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
Delightful. Pensive Winter, cheer'd by him,
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ; 145
His hardened fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
That, waving round, recal my wandering song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
And unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array ! each by the lass he loves ;
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155
By nameless gentle offices her toil.
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
While through their chearful band, the rural talk,

ural scandal, and the rural jest,
 urnalless ; to deceive the tedious time, 160
 teal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 d the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
 onscious, glancing oft on every side
 sted eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 leaners spread around, and here and there, 165
 after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 not too narrow, husbandmen ; but fling
 the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 beral handful. Think, oh grateful think !
 ood the GOD of HARVEST is to you ; 170
 ours abundance o'er your flowing fields :
 these unhappy partners of your kind
 hover round you like the fowls of heaven,
 sk their humble dole. The various turns
 tune ponder ; that your sons may want 175
 now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
 lovely young LAVINIA once had friends,
 'fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth ;
 r her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 ry stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN, 180
 ith her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 oor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 g the windings of a woody vale ;
 itude and deep surrounding shades,
 ore by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185
 er thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn

Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190
 Content and careless of to-morrow's fare:

Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves, unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain-snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
 Still on the ground, dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair proportioned on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
 A myrtle rises far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA ; till at length compell'd

By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
 PALEMON was, the generous and the rich ;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song 220
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper train 225
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye ;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd. 230
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field. 235
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :
 " What pity ! that so delicate a form,
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 Of old ACASIO's line ; and to my mind

Recals that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands, 245
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !"

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO ; who can speak 255
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And through his nerves in shivering transport ran ?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold ;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260
 Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMEN, passionate and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :

" And art thou then ACASTO's dear remains ? 265
 She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,
 The softened image of my noble friend ;
 Alive his every look, his every feature,
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring ! 270

Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 That nourish'd up my fortune ! say, ah where,
 In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted HEAVEN ?
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ; 275
 Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years ?

O let me now, into a richer soil,
 Transplant thee safe ; where vernal suns, and showers,
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ; 280
 And of my garden be the pride, and joy.

Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 ACASIO's daughter, his whose open stores,
 Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 The father of a country, thus to pick 285

The very refuse of those harvest fields,
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;

The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ; 290
 If to the various blessings which thy house
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !"

Here ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm

Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate ;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam 305
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours :
 Nor less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 310
 Defeating oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first the groves are scarcely seen to stir,
 Their trembling tops ; and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn. 315
 But as the ærial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense ! the whole excited atmosphere
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world ;
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves,
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
 And send it in a torrent down the vale
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage, 325
 Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,

The billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade,
 Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain, 330
 Swept from the black horizon, broad descends
 In one continuous flood. Still over head
 The mingled tempest weaves its gloom, and still
 The deluge deepens ; till the fields around
 Lie sunk, and flatted in the sordid wave. 335
 Sudden the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
 Tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks
 The river lift ; before whose rushing tide,
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains, 340
 Roll mingled down ; all that the winds had spar'd
 In one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345
 Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
 Of claimant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ;

And oh be mindful of that sparing board 355
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse ;
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice ;
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportman's joy, 360
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the rural game :
 How in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, draws full, 365
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;

As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
 Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370

Their idle wings, entangled more and more :
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Though borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions ; and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
 Dead to the ground ; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ; 380
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round

Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
 This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death ;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark ;
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man, 390
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
 But lavish'd fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;
 The thistly lawn ; the thick entangled broom ; 405
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.

Vain is her best precaution ; though she sits 410
 Conceal'd with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in ;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away, the scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep, 415
 In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm ;
 But nearer and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd ; and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once ; 420
 The pack full-opening, various the shrill horn
 Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult and discordant joy. 425

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
 He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight ; 430
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :
 Deception short ! though fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades, 435
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track

Hot-streaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift. 440
He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day ;
Where in kind contest, with his butting friends
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445
To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides :
Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face ;
He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack, 455
Blood happy, hang at his fair-jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth,
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chase : behold, despising flight, 460
The rous'd-up lion resolute and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf ; on him his shaggy-foe 465

Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die :
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

These BRITAIN knows not ; give, ye BRITONS, then
 Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 471
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chase pursue.
 Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge 475
 High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass
 Refuse, but through the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes toss'd ;
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;
 Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between, 485
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
 For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chase ;
 Has every maze evol'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ;
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard, 490
 Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn

Calls them to ghostly halls of gray renown,
 With woodland honours grac'd, the fox's fur, 495
 Depending decent from the roof ; and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
 The stag's large front ; he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils,
 With feats Thessalian Centaurs never knew, 500
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

But first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoking sirloin, stretch'd immense
 From side to side ; in which with desperate knife, 505
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 If stomach keen can intervals allow, 510
 Relating all the glories of the chase.

Then sated Hunger bids his brother Thirst
 Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round
 A potent gale, delicious as the breath 515
 Of Maia to the love-sick shepherdess,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat 520
 Of thirty years : and now his honest front

Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Er'n with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
To cheat the thirsty moments, Whist a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoke, 525
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe ; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The sounding gammon : while romp-loving miss
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

At last these puling idlenesses laid 530
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion sly,
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart ; but earnest brimming bowls 535
Lave every soul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,
To church or mistress, politics or ghost, 541
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.

Meantime, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart ;
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ; 545
And opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse go round ;
While, from their slumbers shook, the kennell'd hounds
Mix in the music of the day again.

AUTUMN.

149

hen the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550
 lark night long, with fainter murmurs falls :
 adual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
 le to take up the cumbrous word,
 aite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
 lim and blue, the double tapers dance, 555
 he sun wading through the misty sky.
 sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
 s and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
 the table ev'n itself was drunk,
 wet broken scene ; and wide below, 560
 p'd the social slaughter : where astride
 ubber Power in filthy triumph sits,
 rous, inclining still from side to side,
 teeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.
 ps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565
 and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 res them all : and from his bury'd flock
 ng, full of rumination sad,
 nts the weakness of these latter times.
 : if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570
 ried wild, led not such horrid joy
 tain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.
 e the spirit of the chase from them !
 nely courage, unbecoming skill ;
 ring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ; 575
 ap, the whip, the masculine attire ;
 loch they roughen to the scarp, and all

The winning softness of their sex is lost.
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
With every motion, every word, to wave 580
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;
And from the smallest violence to shrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
And by this silent adulation, soft,
To their protection more engaging Man. 585
O may their eyes no miserable sight,
Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
Through Love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
In chase ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the loose simplicity of dress ! 590
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to seize the captivated soul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,
Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties : in their race 600
To rear their graces into second life ;
To give Society its highest taste ;
Well-ordered Home Man's best delight to make ;
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
With every gentle care-eluding art, 605

To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life :
 This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel-bank ;
 Where down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook 610
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise ; the clustering nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade ; 615
 And where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree ;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair ; 620
 MELINDA ! form'd with every grace complete ;
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze 625
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd ; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race ;
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd ;

Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mixt. 655

Such falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty handed year,
Innumeros, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 660

Dwells in their gelid pores ! and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue :
Thy native theme, and born inspirer too,
PHILIPS, Pamona's bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 665
With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song :
How, from Siluvian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods ; some strong to cheer
The wintry revels of the labouring hind ;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer hours. 670

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day ;
O lose me in the green delightful walks
Of, DODINGTON, thy seat, serene, and plain ;
Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view, 675
Diffusive, spreads the pure Dorsetian downs,
In boundless prospect : yonder shagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks !
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye. 680
New beauties rise with each revolving day ;

New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.

Full of thy genius all ! the Muse's seat :

Where in the secret bower, and winding walk, 665

For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.

Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst

Of thy applause, I solitary court

Th' inspiring breeze : and meditate the book

Of Nature ever open, aiming thence, 670

Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.

Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,

Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,

My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :

Presents the downy peach ; the shining plum ; 675

The ruddy, fragrant nectarine ; and dark,

Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.

The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots ;

Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south ;

And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight

To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent ;

Where by the potent sun elated high,

The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;

Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs, 685

Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,

From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.

Now bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,

Half through the foliage seen, or ardent flame,

Or shine transparent, while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray :
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the crushing swain : the country flows
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood ;
That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pour the cup of joy :
The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;
The mellow tasted burgundy ; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.

Now by the cool declining year condens'd,
Descend the copious exhalations ; check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole ;
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety ; but in a night
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain :
Vanish the woods ; the dim-seen river seems

sullen and slow, to roll the misty wave.
 E'en in the height of noon oppress, the sun
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray ; 720
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
 Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste,
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 725
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general fog
 Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,
 A formless gray confusion covers all.

As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD) 730
 Light uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
 Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
 To smoke along the hilly country, these, 735
 With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks ;
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740
 Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,
 Drill'd through the sandy stratum, every way,
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise ;
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd, 745

They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Though oft amidst the irriguous vale it springs ;
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent main, it boils again
 Fresh into day ; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream ! why should the waters love 755
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet vallies offer to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire, why should they sudden stop 760
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long ?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choke 765
 Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 Old Ocean too, suck'd through the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought Deucalion's wat'ry times again. 770

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores

Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes ?
 O thou pervading Genius, given to Man, 776
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss !
 O lay the mountains bare ! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view ;
 Strip from the branching ALPS their piny load ;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780
 From Asian Taurus, from Imans stretch'd
 Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds ;
 Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
 And high Olympus pouring many a stream.
 O from the sounding summits of the north, 785
 The Dofrine Hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
 To farthest Lapland, and the frozen main ;
 From lofty Caucasus, far seen by those
 Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil ;
 From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Russ 790
 Believes the stony girdle of the world * ;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods ;
 O sweep th' eternal snows, hning o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base ; 795
 Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poet's feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread ; unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,

* The Muscovites call the Riphean mountains *Weliki Camenypoy*, that is, the great stony girdle ; because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

Of Abyssinia's cloud-compelling cliffs,
 And of the bending Mountains of the Moon* ! 800
 O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,
 Let the dire Andes, from the radiant Line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold.

Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose ; 805
 I see the rivers in their infant beds !
 Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free !
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd ;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts ;
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky syphons stretch'd immense ;
 The mighty reservoirs of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd. 820
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst,
 And welling out, around the middle steep,

* A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost
 all Monomotapa.

AUTUMN.

159

Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 830
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again ;
 A social commerce hold, and firm support
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play 835
 The swallow-people ; and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
 The feathered eddy floats : rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire ;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank, 840
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back : for, thronging, now 845
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850
 The stork-assembly meets ; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take

Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
 And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings ; 855
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
 The figur'd flight ascends ; and, riding high
 Th' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the Northern Ocean, in vast whirls, 860
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest Thulé, and th' Atlantic surge
 Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;
 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made ? what nations come and go ? 865
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?
 Infinite wings ! till all the plume-dark air,
 And rude resounding shore, are one wild cry.

Here the plain harmless native, his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues, 870
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign ; or, to the rocks
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food ;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore ; or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed 875
 Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene,
 Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view ;
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky, 880

Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
 Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
 Full ; winding deep, and green her fertile vales ; 885
 With many a cool, translucent, brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent stream,
 Whose past'ral banks first heard my Doric reed,
 With sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
 To where the north inflated tempest foams 890
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak :
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
 Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited
 By learning, when before the Gothic rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race, 895
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave ;
 Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,
 (As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,
 Great patriot hero ! ill-requited chief !)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ; 900
 Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land ; for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil, 905
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power

That best, that god-like Luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Through late posterity? some, large of soul,
To cheer dejected industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the lab'ring hand the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with vent'rous oar
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our shores?
How all enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-encircled globe;
And thus, in soul united as in name,
Bid BRITAIN reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, ARCTIC,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd;
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn;
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulph'rous war, on Tenier's dreadful field.

Nor less the palm of peace inwreaths thy brow :
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth, 940
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, FORTNES, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind ;
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels through her reviving arts, 945
 Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950
 Of every hue, from wan declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm 955
 Fleeces unbounded ether ; whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current : while illumin'd wide,
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And through their lucid veil his softened force 960
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
 For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
 And soar above this little scene of things ;

To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet : 985
 To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;
 And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard 970
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
 Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,
 Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse.
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late 975
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock ;
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
 The gun, the music of the coming year
 Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
 Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground ! 985

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles through the waving air. 990
 But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge stream ;

hoak'd and matted with the dreary shower,
 orest-walks, at every rising gale,
 wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak. 995
 is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
 shrunk into their beds, the flowery race
 sunny robes resign. Ev'n what remain'd
 onger fruits, falls from the naked tree ;
 woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000
 isolated prospect thrills the soul.
 comes! he comes! in every breeze the POWER
 PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes!
 ear approach the sudden-starting tear,
 flowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005
 often'd feature, and the beating heart,
 d deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
 All the soul his sacred influence breathes!
 ies imagination ; through the breast
 s every tenderness ; and far 1010
 d dim earth exalts the swelling thought.
 ousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 ver mingled with the vulgar dream,
 l fast into the Mind's creative eye.
 t the correspondent passions rise, 1015
 ied, and as high : devotion rais'd
 ture, and divine astonishment ;
 ve of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
 nan race ; the large ambitious wish,
 ke them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth 1020

Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn
 Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws ;
 Inspiring glory through remotest time ;
 Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame ; 1035
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;
 With all the social Offspring of the heart.

Oh ! bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;
 To weeping grottos, and prophetic glooms ; 1030
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,
 Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;
 And voices more than human, through the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers,
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1035
 Preside, which shining through the cheerful land
 In countless numbers blest BRITANNIA sees ;
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,
 The fair majestic paradise of STOWE* ! 1040
 Not Persian Cyrus on Ionia's shore
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes ; such various art
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art ; that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045
 And there, O PITT ! thy country's early boast,

* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

t me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,
 at Temple * where, in future times,
 ell shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;
 th thy converse blest, catch the last smiles 1050
 mn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 ere with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
 alated wild ; gay Fancy then
 ad in thought the groves of Attic Land ;
 n thy standard taste refine her own, 1055
 her pencil to the purest truth
 re, or, the unimpassion'd shades
 rg, raise it to the human mind.
 reafter she, with juster hand,
 w the tragic scene, instruct her thou, 1060
 the various movements of the heart,
 ery decent character requires,
 ry passion speaks : O through her strain
 thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds
 ntive senate, charms, persuades, exalts ; 1065
 it zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 kes corruption on her venal throne.
 thus we talk, and through Elysian Vales
 d rove, perhaps a sigh escapes :
 ty, CORHAM, thou thy verdant files 1070
 ed trees should'st here inglorious range,
 of squadrons flaming o'er the field,

* The Temple of Virtue in Stowe Gardens.

And long-embattled hosts ; when the proud foe,
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war ; 1075
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The **BRITISH YOUTH** would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardour, and thy vet'ran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day ; 1080
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking through the scatter'd clouds,
 Shows her broad visage in the crimson'd east ;
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend, 1090
 And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
 A smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now through the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime. 1095
 Wide the pale deluge floats ; and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rock and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world. 1100

But when half blotted from the sky her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
 With keener lustre through the depth of heaven ;
 Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ; 1105
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first
 The lower skies, they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 Th' appearance throws : armies in meet array, 1115
 Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire ;
 Till the long lines of full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120
 On all sides swell the superstitious din,
 Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd ;
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ; 1125
 Of sallow famine ; inundation, storm ;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress ;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck

Th' unalterable hour : ev'n Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130
 Not so the Man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful and new. 1135

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense! Sunk in the quenching gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;
 Distinction lost ; and gay variety 1140
 One universal blot : such the fair power
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
 Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge ; 1145
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wild-fire scatters round ; or gathered trails 1150
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss :
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph ;
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife, 1155
 And plaintive children, his return await,

But when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
With keener lustre through the depth of heaven ;
Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ; 1105
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Of sallow famine, inundation, storm ;
Of pestilence, and every great distress ;
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck

For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste, 1185
 Nor lost one sunny gleam, for this sad fate ?
 O Man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long,
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
 Awaiting renovation ? When oblig'd,
 Must you destroy ? Of their ambrosial food 1190
 Can you not borrow ; and, in just return,
 Afford them shelter from the wintry winds ?
 Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own
 Again regale them on some smiling day ?
 See where the stony bottom of their town 1195
 Looks desolate, and wild ; with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.
 Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
 Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200
 At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
 (As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is seiz'd
 By some dread earthquake ; and convulsive hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame. 1205
 Hence every harsher sight ! for now the day,
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm and high ;
 Infinite splendour ! wide investing all.
 How still the breeze ! save what the filmy thread
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210
 How clear the cloudless sky ! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue ! the ethereal arch

well'd immense ! amid whose azure thron'd
 diant sun how gay ! how calm below
 ded earth ! the harvest-treasures all 1215
 ther'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 the swain ; the circling fence shut up ;
 stant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
 loose to festive joy, the country round
 with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220
 o the wind-their cares. The toil-strung youth,
 quick sense of music taught alone,
 vildly graceful in the lively dance.
 ery charm abroad, the village-toast,
 , buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225
 ot unmeaning looks ; and, where her eye
 an approving smile, with double force
 dgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 o shines out ; and garulous, recounts
 ats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think 1230
 vith to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
 again the never-ceasing round.
 new he but his happiness, of Men
 .ppiest he ! who far from public rage,
 1 the vale, with a choice Few retir'd, 1235
 the pure pleasure of the RURAL LIFE.
 hough the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 orning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
 erers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
 tercourse ! What tho' the glittering robe, 1240

Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools ! oppress him not ?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life 1245
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death ? What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ? 1250
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;
Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd 1255
To disappointment, and fallacious hope :
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers ; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ; 1260
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams 1265
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant bay ;

Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear. 1270
 Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;
 Unsullied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd ;
 Health ever blooming ; unambitious toil ;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease. 1275

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail, 1280

The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil,
 Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.

Let this through cities work his eager way, 1285
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct ; and that ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,

Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
 Insure the wretched in the toils of law, 1290
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race ! and those of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight ;

Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile, 1295
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.

While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings, 11
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
'To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year; 12
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting germs
Marks the first bud, and sucks the heathful gale 13
Into his freshened soul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave, 14
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muse, of these
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;
Or what she dictates, writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.

AUTUMN.

177

Even winter wild to him is full of bliss. 1325
 The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd and kindled by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330
 A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,
 O'er land and sea imagination roams ;
 Or truth divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ; 1335
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
 The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social, still, and smiling kind. 1345
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew ; the life,
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man.
 Oh NATURE ! all-sufficient ! over all ! 1350
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,

World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
Show me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan ; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way : the mineral strata there ;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;
O'er that the rising system more complex,
Of animals ; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick, compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;
A search, the flight of time can near exhaust.

But if to that unequal ; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition ; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song ;
And let me never, never stray from THEE !

WINTER.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of Wilmington.

First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: a man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Appenines. A winter evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

WINTER.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train ;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme ;
These that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms ! 5
Congenial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through the rough domain ; 10
Trod the pure virgin snows, myself as pure ;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south 15
Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and smil'd.
To thee, the patron of her first essay,
The Muse, O WILMINGTON ! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year,
Skimm'd the gay Spring ; on eagle pinions borne, 20

Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise ;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;
 And now among the wintry clouds again
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds ; 25
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ;
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :
 Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.

Now art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive ;
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free ;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot ; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the cheerless empire of the sky
 To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
 And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year ;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads through ether the dejected day. 45
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Through the thick air ; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,

Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;
And soon descending to the long dark night, 50
Wide shading all the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 35
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world ;
Through Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60

The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black, with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrowed land
Fresh from the plough, the dun-discolour'd flocks,
Untended, spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad Genius of the coming storm :
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave-presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure,
Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul ;
Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods, 75
That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain

Lies a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into night, shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80
 Each to his home, retire ; save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air ;
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning low, their wonted stalls, 85
 Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.

Thither the household feathery people crowd,
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping ; while the cottage hind
 Hangs o'er th' enliven'ng blaze, and taleful there 90
 Recounts his simple frolic : much he talks,
 And much he laughs ; nor reeks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along ;
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;
 Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads, 100
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again, constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;

There gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
It boils and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand 106

Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,

How mighty, how majestic, are thy works !

With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !

That sees astonish'd ! and astonished sings ! 110

Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow,

With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.

Where are your stores, ye powerful-beings ! say

Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,

To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ? 115

In what far distant region of the sky,

Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm ?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,

With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb

Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery streaks 120

Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds

Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet

Which master to obey : while rising slow,

Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon

Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125

Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,

The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray ;

Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,

And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.

Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the withered leaf ; 130

And on the flood the dancing feather floats.

With broadened nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Ev'n as the matron at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.

Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the la
Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild w
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves ; while from the sl
Eat into caverns by the restless wave,
And forest-rustling mountains, comes a voice,
That solemn sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down in a torrent. On the passive main
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Through the black night that sits immense aroun
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine

WINTER.

187

Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn ; 160

Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds

In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,

Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,

And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,

Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165

Of mighty waters : now th' inflated wave

Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot

Into the secret chambers of the deep,

The wintry Baltic thundering o'er their head.

Emerging thence again, before the breath 170

Of full exerted heaven they wing their course,

And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock,

Or shoal insidious, break not their career,

And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at hand the loosened tempest reigns ; 175

The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons

Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.

Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,

The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,

And often falling, climbs against the blast. 180

Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds

What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;

Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's

Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.

Thus struggling through the dissipated grove, 185

The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;

And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,

Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frightened flies ; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
Then too, they say, through all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd 195
With stars swift gliding sweeps along the sky.
All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ; 200
Then straight, air, sea, and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
And Contemplation, her sedate compeer ;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now ? ye lying vanities of life !
Ye ever tempting, ever-cheating train ! 210
Where are you now ? and what is your amount ?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought ! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,

And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
 With new-flush'd hopes to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life, thou GOOD SUPREME!
 O teach me what is good ! teach me THYSELF !
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit ; and feed my soul 220
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
 Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss !

The keener tempests rise ; and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb 225
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
 And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
 Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends
 At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes 230
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep, hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,

Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone, 245
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats ; then, briak, alights
 On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :
 Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs 255
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares and dogs,
 And more un pitying Men, the garden seeks, 260
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispers'd,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.
 Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind ; 265
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
 With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
 And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
 Sweeps up the burden of whole wintry plains 270

wide waft ; and o'er the hapless flocks,
 the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
 lowly tempest whelms ; till upward urg'd,
 lley to a shining mountain swells,
 ith a wreath high-curling in the sky. 275
 hus the snows arise ; and foul and fierce,
 nter drives along the darkened air ;
 own loose-revolving fields, the swain
 r'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
 own joyless brow ; and other scenes 280
 rid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
 ds the river, nor the forest, hid
 b the formless wild ; but wanders on
 ill to dale, still more and more astray ;
 ent flouncing through the drifted heaps, 285
 with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
 n his nerves, and call their vigour forth
 y a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
 black despair, what horror fills his heart !
 for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290
 fted cottage rising through the snow,
 ets the roughness of the middle waste,
 m the track, and blest abode of Man ;
 round him night resistless closes fast,
 very tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
 a the savage wilderness more wild.
 brong the busy shapes into his mind,
 r'd pits, unfathomably deep,

A dire decent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge, 300
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.

These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks 305
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death ;
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm ;
In vain his little children peeping out
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,
With tears of artless innocence. Alas ! 315

Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold ;
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse ; 320
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ; 325
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,

How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 830
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;
 Shut from the common air and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 836
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ; 840
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
 Ev'n in the vale where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 845
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life, 850
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate ;
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And headless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of Charity would warm,

And her wide wish Benevolence dilate : 355
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.
 And here can I forget the generous band*,
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd 360
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ?
 Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans ;
 Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger burn,
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
 While in the land of liberty, the land 365
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd ;
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;
 Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;
 Ev'n robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep : 370
 The free born BARRON to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd, or bled. 275
 O great design ! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy ! yet resume the search ;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.

* The Jail Committee, in the year 1799.

Much still untouch'd remains: in this rank age
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
And lengthen simple justice into trade)

How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horid mountains which the shining Alps, 390
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!

Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend; 395
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow.

All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
Or shake the murdering savages away.

Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.

Ev'n beauty, force divine; at whose bright glance 405
The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if appris'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up; lur'd by the scent,

On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate !) 410
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
 The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
 In peaceful vales the happy Grisons dwell ; 415
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.
 From steep to steep loud-thundering down they come,
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or hamlets, sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;
 Where ruddy fire, and beaming tapers join, 430
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD ;
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd ;
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
The long liv'd volume ; and, deep-musing, hail

red shades, that slowly-rising pass
 my wandering eyes. First SOCRATES,
 rmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 t the rage of tyrants single stood,
 ble ! calm Reason's holy law,
 oice of God within th' attentive mind,
 g, fearless, or in life, or death.
 moral teacher ! wisest of Mankind ! 445
 the next ; who built his common-weal
 ty's wide base ; by tender laws
 / people curbing, yet undamp'd
 ing still that quick peculiar fire,
 e in the laurel'd field of finer arts 450
 bold freedom, they unequal'd shone ;
 ide of smiling GREECE, and human-kind.
 us then, who bow'd beneath the force
 test discipline, severely wise,
 nan passions. Following him, I see, 455
 Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
 m DEVOTED CHIEF*, who prov'd by deeds
 rdest lesson which the other taught.
 ARISTIDES lifts his honest front ;
 s of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460
 dom gave the noblest name of Just :
 e majestic poverty rever'd ;
 ev'n his glory to his country's weal

* Leonidas.

Submitting, swell'd a haughty Rival's* fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
 CIMON, sweet soul'd ; whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art :
 Modest and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining GREECE,
 Late call'd to glory, in unequal times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,
 TIMOLEON, happy temper ! mild and firm,
 Who wept the Brother while the Tyrant bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the THEBAN PAINE†,
 Whose virtues, in heroic concord join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom Athenian honour sunk,
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind, 480
 PHOCION the Good ; in public life severe ;
 To virtue still inexorably firm ;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485
 And he, the last of old LYCURGUS' sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To save a rotten state, AGIS, who saw

* Themistocles.

* Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Ev'n SPARTA's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two Achaian heroes close the train : 490
 ARATUS, who awhile relum'd the soul
 Of fondly-lingering liberty in GREECE :
 And he her darling as her latest hope,
 The gallant PHILOPÆMEN ; who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure ; 495
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain ;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
 Of rougher front, a mighty people come !
 A race of heroes ! in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500
 Their dearest country they too fondly lov'd :
 Her better founder first, the light of ROME,
 NUMA, who softened her rapacious sons :
 SERVIUS the King, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the vast republic spread. 505
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.
 The PUBLIC FATHER*, who the Private quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He, whom his thankless country could not lose,
 CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes. 510
 FABRICUS, scorner of all-conquering gold ;
 And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough.
 Thy WILLING VICTIM†, Carthage, bursting loose
 From all that bleeding Nature could oppose ;

* Marcus Junius Brutus.

† Regulus.

From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith 515

Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.

SCIRIO, the gentle chief, humanely brave ;

Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,

And, warm in youth, to the Poetic shade

With Friendship and Philosophy retir'd. 520

TULLY, whose powerful eloquence awhile

Restrain'd the rapid fate of rushing ROME.

Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in extreme.

And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart ;

Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd, 525

Lifted the Roman steel against thy Friend.

Thousands besides, the tribute of a verse

Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven ?

Who sing their influence on this lower world ?

Behold, who yonder comes ! in sober state, 530

Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :

'Tis Phœbus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain !

Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,

Parent of song ! and equal by his side,

The BRITISH MUSE : join'd hand in hand they walk, 535

Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.

Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch

Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd

Transported Athens with the MORAL SCENE :

Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE. 540

First of your kind ! society divine !

Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,

And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.

Silence, thou lonely power ! the door be thine ;

See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545

Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign

To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,

Learning digested well, exalted faith,

Unstudied wit, and humour ever gay.

Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend, 550

To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,

And with the social spirit warm the heart :

For though not sweeter his own HOMER sings,

Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, HAMMOND ? thou the darling pride,

The friend and lover of the tuneful throng ! 555

Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime

Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast

Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,

Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon ? 560

What now avails that noble thirst of fame,

Which stung thy fervent breast ? that treasur'd store

Of knowledge, early gain'd ? that eager zeal

To serve thy country, glowing in the band

Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name ? 565

What now, alas, that life-diffusing charm

Of sprightly wit ? that rapture for the Muse,

That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,

Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile ?

Ah! only show'd, to check our fond pursuits, . . . 570
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!
Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul;
Or blythe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd :
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night, . . . 576
Or sprung eternal from th' ETERNAL MIND ;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ; . . . 580
And each diffusive harmony unite
In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the moral World,
Which, though to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order ; fitted, and impell'd . . . 585
By Wisdom's finest hand, and issuing all
In general Good. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time :
Show us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
In scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile ; . . . 590
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray . . . 595
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul

Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;
Then, ev'n superior to ambition, we 600
Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
Through shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life ; or snatch'd away by hope,
Through the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
Of happiness, and wonder ; where the mind,
In endless growth and infinite ascent,
Rises from state to state, and world to world.
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes 610
Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before ;
Whence lively Wit excites to gay surprise ;
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himself, 615
Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.
Meantime the village rouses up the fire ;
While well-attested, and as well believ'd,
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round ;
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;

The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :
 The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.

Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630
 Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulph 635
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,

Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
 Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp ; 640
 The circle deepens : beam'd from gandy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :
 While, a gay insect in his summer-shine,
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings. 645

Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stalks ; —
 OTHELLO rages ; poor MONIMIA mourns ;
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love,
 Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek ; or else the COMIC MUSE 650
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.

Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous BEVIL*, show'd. 655

O thou, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose patriot virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the Graces can bestow,
 And all Apollo's animating fire, 660

Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
 Of polish'd life ; permit the Rural Muse,
 O CHESTERFIELD ! to grace with thee her song.
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665

Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
 (For every Muse has in thy train a place)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind ;
 To mark that spirit, which, with British scorn,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power ; 670

That elegant politeness, which excels,
 Ev'n in the judgment of presumptuous France,
 The boasted manners of her shining court ;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which with Attic point, 675
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.

Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,

* A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir Richard Steele.

And to assenting Reason giv'st again

Her own enlightened thoughts ; call'd from the hear
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ;
And ev'n reluctant party feels awhile
Thy gracious power : as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse :
For now, behold the joyous winter-days,
Frosty, succeed ; and through the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies,
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere ; and binds
Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent ; feeds, and animates our blood ;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain ;

Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire : and luculent along 710
 The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

What art thou, frost ? and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power ! 715
 Whom ev'n th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?

Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Through water, earth, and ether ? Hence at eve, 720
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,

An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice, 725

Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank
 Fast grows ; or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm ; till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730

The whole imprison'd river grows below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,
 The village dog deters the nightly thief ;

The heifer lows ; the distant waterfall
Swells on the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,
Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.

From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the still night, incessant, heavy strong,
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night :
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
The pendant icicle ; the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise ;
Wide spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid track, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
The forest bent beneath the plumy wave ;
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
His pining flock ; or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,
While every work of Man is laid at rest,
Tond o'er the river crowd, in various sport

y dissolv'd; where mixing glad,
 of all the train! the raptur'd boy
 : whirling top. Or, where the Rhine 765
 out in many a long canal extends
 y province swarming, void of care,
 shes forth; and as they sweep,
 ing skates, a thousand different ways,
 ; poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
 gay land is maddened all to joy.
 he northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 w pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 ous youths in bold contention wheel
 -resounding course. Meantime, to raise 775
 ly strife, with highly blooming charms,
 y the season, Scandinavia's dames,
 s's buxom daughters, glow around.
 quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
 elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
 :r the south, hangs at his utmost noon;
 ffectual strikes the gelid cliff:
 e gloss the mountain still maintains,
 the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 awhile to the reflected ray; 785
 the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 of gems, that in the waving gleam
 ble as they scatter. Thick around
 s the sport of those, who with the gun,
 impatient bounding at the shot, 790

Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feathered game.
 But what is this ? Our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
 Astonish'd shoot into the Frigid Zone ;
 Where, for relentless months, continual Night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, through the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
 Wide-roads the Russian exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad eye, but deserts lost in snow ;
 And heavy-loaded groves ; and solid floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary waste,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main ; 805
 And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,
 Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich Cathay*,
 With news of human-kind. Yet their life glows ;
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
 The furry nations harbour : tipt with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;
 Sables, of glossy black ; and dark embrown'd,
 Or beauteous streak'd with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer

* The old name for China.

Sleep on the new-fall'n snows ; and, scarce his head
Rais'd o'er the happy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants not dogs nor toils ; 820
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows ; 825
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
There through the piny forest half-absorpt,
Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart against assailing want.
Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
That see Boötes urge his tardy wain, 835
A boisterous race, by frosty Caurus* pierc'd,
Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk ;
Drove martial horde on horde †, with dreadful sweep 840
Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled south,
And gave the vanquish'd world another form.

* The north-west wind.

† The wandering Scythian clans.

Not such the sons of Lapland ; wisely they
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war ;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845
 They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
 No false desires, no pride created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time,
 And through the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition bid it rage. 850
 Their rein-deer form their riches. These, their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.
 Obsequious at their call the docile tribe-
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep,
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With doubled lustre from the glossy waste ;
 Ev'n in the depth of Polar Night they find
 A wond'rous day : enough to light the chase,
 Or guide their daring steps to Finland-fairs. 865
 Wish'd Spring returns ; and from the hazy south,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve ;
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870

Still round and round; his spiral course he winds ;
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,
 Where pure Niemi's* fairy mountains rise, 875
 And fring'd with roses Tenglio† rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They cheerful-loaded to their tents repair ;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
 Thrice happy race ! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power :
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed ; nor blasted by the breath 885
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.
 Still pressing on, beyond Tornéa's lake,
 And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,

* M. de Maupertius, in his book on the figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of Niemi in Lapland, says, " From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the Lake, which the people of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the guardian Spirits of the Mountains. We had been frightened with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii, than bears."

† The same author observes, " I was surprised to see upon the banks of this river (the Tenglio) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
 Where failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890
 The Muse expands her solitary flight;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath* another sky.

Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court ; 895
 And through his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard :
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath :
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ; 905
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
 Alps frowns on Alps ; or rushing hideous down, 910
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury ; but, in all its rage

* The other Hemisphere.

Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
 In many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they ! 920
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun ;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the BRITON's* fate, 925
 As with first prow, (what have not BARRONS dar'd !)
 He for the passage sought, attempted since.
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in Arzina caught, 930
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues ; to the cordage glu'd
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935
 Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild Oby, live the last of Men ;
 And half enlivened by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 940

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover the North East Passage.

Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know ; nor aught of life, 945
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without,
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er the fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chase.

What cannot active government perform, 950
 New-moulding Man ; wide stretching from these shores,
 A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire, ONE VAST MIND,
 By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal PETER ! first of monarchs ! He 955
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons ;
 And while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.

Ye shades of ancient heroes ! ye who toil'd 960
 Through long successive ages to build up
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done ! behold the matchless prince !
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
 A mighty shadow of unreal power ; 965
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts ;
 And roaming every land, in every port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand

Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes !
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste ;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign ;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd ; 975
 Th' astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar ;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before ; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the north, 980
 And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sens.
 Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
 Of old dishonour proud : it glows around,
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade : 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example show'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow hollow blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990
 Spotted the mountains shine ; loose sleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ; 995
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain

Is left on slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash'd th' ungenial pole will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.
And hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.

Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd
That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,
Tempest the loosened brine ; while through the gloo
Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet PROVIDENCE, that ever-waking eye !
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals lost to hope ; and lights them safe,
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done ! dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies !
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man !
See here thy pictur'd life : pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness ? those unsolid hopes
Of happiness ? those longings after fame ? 1035
Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
Those gay-spent, festive nights ? those veering thoughts
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
All now are varnish'd ; VIRTUE sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man, 1040
His guide to happiness on high. And see !
'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
Of heaven and earth ! awaking Nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heightened form ; from pain and death 1045
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the prospect wilder spreads,
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now, 1050
Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,

And Wisdom oft arraign'd : see now the cause,
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected : why the good Man's share
In life was gall and bitterness of soul ; 10
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In starving solitude ; while luxury,
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks 15
Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest !
Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 20
And what your bounded view, which only saw
'A little part, deem'd Evil is no more :
'The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

HYMN.

THESE, as they change, **ALMIGHTY FATHER!** these
Are but the varied **GOD.** The rolling year
Is full of **THEE.** Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY beauty walks, **THY** tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then **THY** sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year; 10
And oft **THY** voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
In **WINTER** awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around **THEE** thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, **THOU** bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with **THY** northern blast. 20
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,

Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade ; 25
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still,
 But wandering oft with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not **THEE**, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ; 30
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring :
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ! hurls the tempest forth ;
 And as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
 With transports touches all the springs of life.
 Nature, attend ! join, every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky ;
 In adoration join ; and ardent, raise
 One general song ! To **HIM**, ye vocal gales, 40
 Breathe soft, whose **SPIRIT** in your freshness breathes ;
 Oh talk of **HIM** in solitary glooms,
 Where o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ; 50

Ye softer floods, that lead the humid mass
Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound HIS stupendous praise ; whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55

Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to HIM ; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.

Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65

Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam His praise.
The thunder rolls ! be hush'd the prostrate world ! 70
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns ;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come. 75

Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Bursts from the groves ! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,

Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The loud-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.

For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the Summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams,
Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

And where HE vital breathes there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers 110
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL LOVE smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons ;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still, 115
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE !
Come then, expressive silence, muse HIS praise.

BY MR. COLLINS.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on
Thames near Richmond.

IN yonder grave a druid lies,
Where slowly winds the stealing wave !
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its poet's sylvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp shall now be laid,
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar,
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But Thou, who own'st that earthy bed,
Ah ! what will every dirge avail ?
Our tears, which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near ?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view !
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's Child, again adieu !

The genial meads assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress,
With simple hands, thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay,
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes !
O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say
In yonder grave Your Druid lies !



THE END.





